

# PAGAN PRAYERS



MARAH ELLIS RYAN



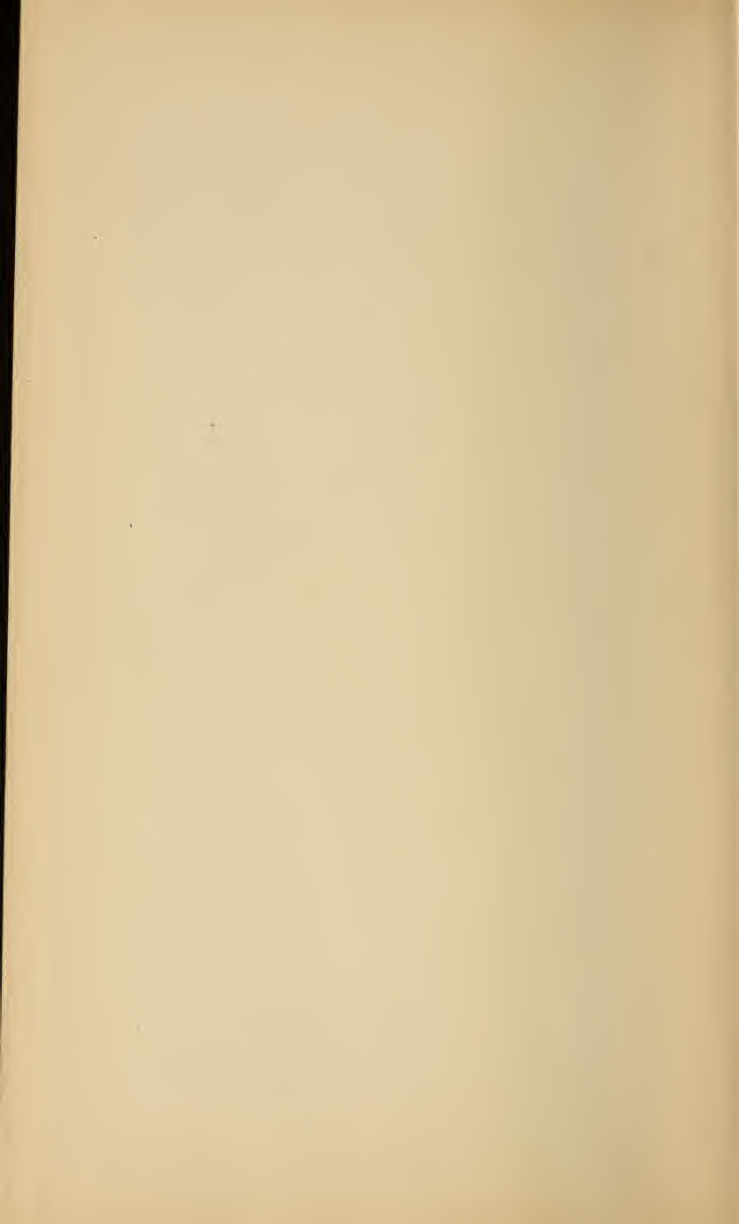
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P A G A N P R A Y E R S



# PAGAN PRAYERS

COLLECTED BY

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AUTHOR OF

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL, INDIAN  
LOVE LETTERS, ETC.



CHICAGO  
A. C. McCLURG & CO.  
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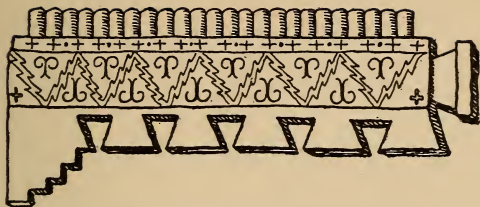
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## PREFACE



**T**HIS little book of thoughts big, and thoughts childish, goes to the reader with the hope that it bears the little known fact that Ancient America had a written aboriginal literature—much of which was beautiful.

The Apache and the Navajo prayers are oral, transmitted from priest to priest through the centuries; but the Mexican are fragments, rescued from a wide literature by the learned and courageous Franciscan, Bernardino de Sahagun, in the Seventeenth century.

The first archbishop of Mexico took credit to himself for the burning, in one town, of 60,000 Mexican books and manuscripts on history, religion, law, medicine, astrology, genealogy and poetry. It was his part of the approved battle against the false gods. For four centuries he has had ardent imitators—which accounts for much.

OK 13 Apr '51 SAB 2-13

The masked, dramatized prayers of the Indians of the Southwest of today, suggested to the compiler a key to ancient Mexican rituals where god or goddess replies directly to priest or suppliant. This is the one special liberty taken with the records—the deity or priest is placed as the Indian places him, in the temple of feast or sacrifice; while the Spanish records gave only the spoken words with little to indicate the ritual or the speakers.

The Peruvian had reached a higher spiritual and philosophic stage of culture before his annihilation, though at loss of the spontaneous poetic imagery, wistful or colorful, of the Mexican.

Such as they are, these prayers reflect the culture of both extinct and living primitive peoples of the world we call the New, and they go out for judgment side by side with the better known rituals of the world we call the Old.

M. E. R.

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PAGAN PRAYERS

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

ON THE WRITING OF A  
PRAYER OF PRAISE

*(Mexican)*

(This introduction to a volume of annals, written centuries ago by an unknown poet of ancient America, gives glimpse of the beauty of the native book craft, and the sacredness to them, of literature)

## PAGAN PRAYERS



**L**IKE a red-winged heron of wonder, rising in flight, it shone.

The mist and the glow of the rainbow, it is there!

The harmony is as the tinkling turquoise bells on the silver drum: thus was a book of annals written and painted in colors.

I unwind my song!

I unwind my song like a string of jewels, all precious.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

TO THE CREATIVE GOD  
(*Accadian*)

(The Accadian was already a dead language in the  
Seventeenth Century, B. C.)



P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**O** LORD of Charms, Illustrious!  
who gives  
Life to the Dead, the Merciful who  
lives,  
And grants to hostile gods of Heaven  
return,  
To homage render, worship thee, and  
learn  
Obedience!

Thou who didst create mankind  
In tenderness, thy love round us, oh  
wind!  
The Merciful, the God with whom  
is Life  
Establish us, O Lord, in darkest strife  
O never may thy truth forgotten be.  
May Accad's race forever worship  
thee!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

APACHE PRAYER

*(American)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**S**TENATLIHAN, You are good!

I pray for a long life.

I pray for your good looks.

I pray for good breath.

I pray for good speech.

I pray for feet like yours to carry me  
through a long life.

I pray for a life like yours.

I walk with people, ahead of me all  
is well.

I pray for people to smile as long as  
I live.

I pray to live long.

I pray, I say, for a long life to live  
with you where the good people are.

I live in poverty.

I wish the people there to speak of  
goodness and to talk to me.

I wish you to divide your good things  
with me, as a brother.

Ahead of me is goodness, lead me on.

(Stenatlihan is the supreme sky goddess)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

NAVAJO LITURGY

*(American)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

O H YOU!

Who dwell in the house made  
of the Dawn.

In the home of evening twilight.

In the house made of dark cloud,

In the house made of the he rains,

In the house made of the dark mist,

In the house made of the she rain,

In the house made of peace;

Where the dark mist curtains the  
door

The path to which is on the rainbow,

Where the zig-zag lightning on high  
it stands

Male deity divine!

With your moccasins of dark cloud,  
come to us!

With your headdress of dark cloud,  
come to us!

With clouds dark, your mind en-  
veloping, come to us!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

NAVAJO LITURGY

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

You above thunder dark, high-fly-  
ing, come to us!

With cloud having shape at your  
feet, high-flying, come to us!

With the dark cloud over your head  
made of far darkness, high-flying,  
come to us!

With the far darkness made of the he  
rain over your head, high-flying,  
come to us!

With your head over mist-dark made  
of far darkness, high-flying, come  
to us!

With the she rain over your head,  
made of far darkness, high-flying,  
come to us!

With your head over zig-zag light-  
ning far out-flung, high-flying,  
come to us!

With your head over far hanging  
rainbow, high-flying, come to us!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

NAVAJO LITURGY

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

With clouds dark on the ends of  
your wings, made of far darkness,  
high-flying, come to us.

With the far darkness made of the  
he rain on the ends of your wings,  
high-flying, come to us!

With the dark mist on the ends of  
your wings, made of far darkness,  
high-flying, come to us!

With the far darkness made of the  
she rain on the ends of your  
wings, high-flying, come to us!

With zig-zag lightning flung out  
afar on the ends of your wings,  
high-flying, come to us!

With the rainbow hanging far on the  
ends of your wings, high-flying,  
come to us!

With the near darkness made of  
dark cloud, of he rain, of dark  
mist, of she rain, high-flying, come  
to us!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

NAVAJO LITURGY

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

In the earth darkness come to us!  
With these also the foam to float  
on the flowing water over the roots  
of the great corn, that I wish.

Your sacrifice I have made,  
For you the smoke have I prepared.

My feet for me restore,

My body for me restore,

My mind for me restore,

My voice for me restore,

This day your spell from me take  
out,

This day your spell for me remove!

Away from me you have taken it!

Far off from me it is taken!

Far off you have done it.

In a way of beauty I recover,  
Happily my eyes regain their power,  
Happily for me the spell is taken off,  
Imperious to pain I walk,

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

NAVAJO LITURGY

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Feeling light within, I walk,  
Thus happily you accomplish your  
tasks.

Happily the old men will regard you,  
Happily the children will regard you,  
Happily as they approach their  
homes they will regard you.

Happily may their trails home be  
in the way of peace.

Happily may all return!

With beauty before me I walk.

With beauty above me I walk.

With beauty it is finished!

With beauty again it is finished!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

ADDRESS TO SUPREME DEITY

*(Assyrian)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I**N HEAVENS who is great?  
Thou alone art great!

On earth who is great? Thou alone  
art great!

When thy voice resounds in heaven,  
the gods fall prostrate!

When thy voice resounds on earth,  
the genii kiss the dust!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

A PRAYER FOR THE DYING  
*(Assyrian)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**B**IND the sick man to Heaven,  
for from Earth he is being  
torn away!

Of the brave man who was so  
strong, his strength has departed.

Of the righteous servant, the force  
does not return,

In his bodily frame he lies danger-  
ously ill.

But Ishtar, who in her dwelling, is  
grieved concerning him, descends  
from her mountain unvisited of  
men.

To the door of the sick man she  
comes.

The sick man listens!

Who is there? Who comes?

It is Ishtar, daughter of the Moon  
God!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

A PRAYER FOR THE DYING

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Like pure silver may his garment  
be shining white!

Like brass may he be radiant!

To the Sun, greatest of the gods,  
may he ascend!

And may the Sun, greatest of the  
gods, receive his soul into his  
holy hands!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

BABYLONIAN PRAYER FOR  
HEALTH

*(Exorcism of Spirits of Disease)*

*Tablet I*

**T**HE noxious god, the noxious spirit of the neck, the neck-spirit of the desert, the neck-spirit of the mountains, the neck-spirit of the sea, the neck-spirit of the morass, the noxious spirit of the city, this noxious wind which seizes the body and the health of the body.

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit of Earth, remember!

*Tablet V*

He who makes an image which injures the man, an evil face, an evil eye, an evil mouth, an evil tongue, evil lips, an evil poison.

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit of Earth, remember!

*Tablet VI*

The cruel spirit, the strong spirit of the head, the head-spirit that

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

BABYLONIAN PRAYER FOR  
HEALTH

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

departs not, the head-spirit that goes not forth, the head-spirit that will not go, the noxious head spirit.

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit of Earth, remember!

### *Tablet VIII*

May Nin-cigal, the wife of Nin-a'su, turn her face toward another place; may the noxious spirit go forth and seize another. May the propitious spirit and the propitious genii settle upon his body.

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit of Earth, remember!

### *Tablet IX*

May Nebs, the great steward, the recliner supreme among the gods, like the god who has begotten him, seize upon his head; against his life may he not break forth.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

BABYLONIAN PRAYER FOR  
HEALTH

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit  
of Earth, remember!

### *Tablet X*

On the sick man by the sacrifice  
of mercy may perfect health shine  
like bronze; may the Sun-god give  
this man life; may Merodach, the  
eldest son of the deep, give him  
strength, prosperity and health.

Spirit of Heaven, remember! Spirit  
of Earth, remember!

(Nin-cigal—The Goddess of the House of Death)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO THE SUN

*(Chaldean)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**T**HE LORD has sent me;  
the great god Hea, has sent me.

Thou, in thy course thou directest  
the human race

Cast upon him a ray of peace, and  
let it cure his suffering.

The man, son of his god, has laid  
before him his shortcomings and  
transgressions; his feet and hands  
are in pain, grievously defiled by  
disease.

Sun, to the lifting up of my hands  
pay attention; eat his food, receive  
the victim, give his god, for a  
support, to his hand!

By his order let his shortcomings be  
pardoned! Let his transgressions  
be blotted out!

May his troubles leave him! May  
he recover from his disease!

Give back life to the King!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO THE SUN

*(Continued)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Then, on the day that he revives,  
may thy sublimity envelop him!

Direct the King who is in subjection  
to thee!

And me, the magician, thy humble  
servant, direct me!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

MAGICAL INCANTATION

*(Chaldean)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I** HAVE invoked thee, O Sun, in  
the midst of the high heavens.

Thou art in the shadow of the cedar,  
and thy feet rest on the summits.

The countries have called thee eagerly,  
they have directed their looks  
towards thee,

O Friend, thy brilliant light illumina-  
tes every land, overthrowing  
all that impedes thee, assemble  
the countries, for thou, O Sun,  
knowest their boundaries.

Thou who annihilatest falsehood,  
who dissipated the evil influence  
of wonders, omens, sorceries,  
dreams, evil apparitions, who turn-  
est to a happy issue malicious  
designs, who annihilatest men and  
countries that devote themselves  
to fatal sorceries, I have taken  
refuge in thy presence.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

MAGICAL INCANTATION

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Do not allow those who make spells,  
and are hardened, to arise.

Frighten their heart,

Settle also, O Sun, light of the great  
gods

Right into my marrow, O Lords of  
breath, that I may rejoice, even I.

May the gods who created me take  
my hands!

Direct the breath of my mouth!

My hands direct them also, Lord,  
light of the legions of the heavens.

Sun, O Judge!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

CHINESE LITURGY

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**O**NE in spirit,  
We invoke thee!  
Hail, Amit-abha of the world!  
O would that our merciful teacher,  
Sakya-muni,  
And our great Father Amit-abha  
Would now descend and be present  
with us.  
Would that the perfect compassion-  
ate heart would now draw near  
And receive our offerings.  
May the omnipotent and omniscient  
Holy Spirit  
Come to us while we recite these  
divine sentences.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

CHINESE PRAYER

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I** THE EMPEROR, have respectfully prepared this paper to inform the spirit of the sun, the spirit of the moon, the spirits of the five planets, of the stars, of the clouds, of the four seas, of the great rivers, of the present year, That on the first of next month we shall reverently lead our officers and people to honor the great name of Shang-Ti.

We inform you beforehand, O ye celestial and terrestrial spirits, and will trouble you on our behalf, to exert your spiritual power, and display your vigorous efficacy, communicating our poor desire to Shang-Ti, praying him to accept our worship, and be pleased with the new title which we shall reverently present to him.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

CHINESE PRAYER

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Thou, O Ti, didst open the way for  
the forces of matter to operate;

Thou, O Spirit, didst produce the  
beautiful light of the sun and  
moon, that all thy creatures might  
be happy.

Thou hast vouchsafed to hear us,  
O Ti, for thou regardest us as thy  
children.

I, thy child, dull and ignorant, can  
poorly express my feelings.

Honorable is thy great name!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER OF TRANSFORMA-  
TION INTO A LOTUS

*(Egyptian)*



## PAGAN PRAYERS

**H**AIL, thou lotus! Thou type  
of the god Nefer-Temu!

I am the man that knoweth you,  
and I know your names among those  
of the gods, the lords of the under-  
world, and I am one of you.

Grant ye that I may see the gods  
who are the divine guides in the  
underworld, and grant ye unto me  
a place in the underworld near unto  
the lords of Amentet.

Let me arrive at a habitation in  
the land of Tchesert, and receive me,  
O all ye gods, in the presence of the  
lords of eternity!

Grant that my soul may come  
forth whithersoever it pleaseth, and  
let it not be driven away from the  
presence of the great company of the  
gods!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

A PRAYER FOR PRESERVA-  
TION OF THE HEART

*(Egyptian)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**M**Y HEART, my mother; my heart, my mother!

My heart of my existence upon earth!

May naught stand up to oppose me in judgment; may there be no opposition to me in the presence of the sovereign princes; may no evil be wrought against me in the presence of the gods; may there be no parting of thee from me in the presence of the great god, the lord of Amentet.

Homage to thee, O thou heart of Osiris—khent—Amentet! Homage to you, O my reins! Homage to you, O ye gods who dwell in the divine clouds, and who are exalted [or holy] by reason of your sceptres!

Speak ye fair words for the Osiris Auf-ankh, and make ye him to prosper before Nehebka. And be-

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

A PRAYER FOR PRESERVA-  
TION OF THE HEART

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

hold, though I be joined to the earth, and am in the mighty innermost part of heaven, let me remain on the earth and not die in Amentet, and let me remain a *kh*u therein for ever and ever!

This prayer shall be recited over a basalt scarab, which shall be set in a gold setting, and it shall be placed inside the heart of the man (i. e., the dead) for whom the ceremonies of "opening the mouth" and of anointing with unguent have been performed.

And there shall be recited by way of magical charm the words:

"My heart, my mother! my heart, my mother! My heart of transformations!"

(*Kh*u, a god of light)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO AMUN-RA

*(Egyptian)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**H**AIL to thee, Amun-Ra, Lord of  
the thrones of the earth, the  
oldest existence, ancient of heaven,  
support of all things;

Chief of the gods, lord of truth;  
father of the gods, maker of men  
and beasts and herbs; maker of  
all things above and below;

Deliverer of the sufferer and op-  
pressed, judging the poor;

Lord of wisdom, lord of mercy;  
most loving, opener of every eye,  
source of joy, in whose goodness  
the gods rejoice, thou whose name  
is hidden.

Thou art the one, maker of all that  
is, the one; the only one; maker of  
gods and men; giving food to all.

Hail to thee, thou one with many  
heads; sleepless when all others  
sleep, adoration to thee.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO AMUN-RA

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Hail to thee from all creatures from every land, from the height of heaven, from the depth of the sea.

The spirits thou hast made extol thee, saying, welcome to thee, father of the fathers of the gods; we worship thy spirit which is in us.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER OF THE SOWER

*(Finnish)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**B**LESSING to the seed I scatter,  
Where it falls upon the meadow,  
By the grace of Ukko mighty,  
Through the open finger spaces  
Of the hand that all things fashioned.  
Queen of meadow-land and pasture!  
Bid the earth unlock her treasures.  
Bid the soil the young seed nourish,  
Never shall their teeming forces  
Never shall their strength prolific  
Fail to nourish and sustain us  
If the Daughters of Creation,  
They, the free and bounteous givers  
Still extend their gracious favor  
Offer still their strong protection.

Rise, O Earth! from out thy  
slumbers

Bid the soil unlock her treasures!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO PANU

*(Finnish)*

(Panu, God of fire, child of the Sun-mother)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**O** PANU,  
Son of the Sun!  
Offspring thou of the dear day.  
Lift the fire up to the sky.  
In the middle of the golden ring,  
Within the rock of copper,  
Carry it as a child to its mother  
Into the lap of the ancient mother.  
Place the fire to shine by day,  
And to rest at night.  
Let it rise every morning!  
Let it rest every evening!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

THE SALUTATION OF THE  
DAWN  
*(Hindu)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**L**ISTEN to the exhortation of  
the Dawn!

Look to this Day! For it is Life,  
The very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the Varieties  
And Realities of your Existence;

The Bliss of Growth,  
The Glory of Action,  
The Splendor of Beauty;

For Yesterday is but a Dream,  
And To-morrow is only a Vision;  
But To-day well lived

Makes every Yesterday a Dream of  
Happiness,

And every To-morrow a Vision of  
Hope.

Look well therefore to this Day!  
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO BUDDHA

*(Hindu)*



P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**T**HOU in whom innumerable  
creatures believe!

Thou, Buddha, Victor over the hosts  
of evil!

Thou, all-wise Being, come down to  
our world!

Made perfect and glorified by in-  
numerable by-gone revolutions;  
always pitiful, always gracious  
toward all creatures!

Look down upon us; for the time  
has come to pour out blessings on  
all creatures.

Be gracious to us from thy throne  
built in thy heavenly world.

Thou art the eternal redemption of  
all creatures, therefore bow down  
to us with all thy unstained  
heavenly societies.

# P A G A N P R A Y E R S

## HYMN TO AGNI

*(Hindu)*

(Agni, god of fire in every form, worshipped in every manifestation — sun, lightning, earth, fire — also adored as the spark of life in all of growth, is here invoked as both the sacred flame on the altar, and the highest priest officiating)

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I**MPLORE Agni, the chief priest, the divine minister of the sacrifice, the Hotri priest, the best giver of wealth.

Agni, worthy to be implored by former poets and by new, may he bring the gods hither!

Through Agni man gained wealth, satisfying even day by day, glorious wealth of vigorous kindred.

Agni, the offering which thou encirclest on all sides, that alone goes to the gods.

Agni, the Hotri priest, the wise counsellor, the truthful, the most glorious, may he, the God, come with the gods!

Whatever wealth thou, Agni, shalt bestow on the sacrificer, thine it will be, forsooth, Agni.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO AGNI

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

To thee, O Agni, we come day by day, bringing praise in mind, O Illuminator of Darkness!

To thee, the Lord of sacrifices, the bright Guarder of the Law, who art growing in thy own house.

Thou then, O Agni, be gracious to us like as a father to his son; stay with us for our welfare!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER OF THE GAMBLER

*(Hindu)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**T**HESSE dice that have grown in the air on the great Vibhidaka tree, drive me wild when they roll on the board! This Vibhidaka seems to me intoxicating like a draught of Soma that has grown on Mount Mugovat.

When I think that I shall not play with them again, then am I left by my friends who go afar. But when the brown dice are thrown down and utter speech, then I rush to their rendezvous, like a love-sick maid.

These dice hook, prick, undo, burn and inflame. After the gift of childish playthings they ruin the winner; yet to the gambler they are covered with honey.

They do not bend before the anger of the mighty, even the king bends down before them.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

P R A Y E R O F T H E G A M B L E R

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

Though having no hands, they resist him who has hands. These playing coals, though cold, when thrown on the board, burn the heart through and through!

Make other friends, O dice—have mercy on us! Do not bewitch us with powerful enchantment! May your wrath abate, and your enmity—let some one else be held in the power of the brown dice!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO KAMI-DANA

*(Japanese)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**R**EVERENTLY adoring the  
great god of the two palaces  
of Ise,.....

.....  
.....and the gods of the branch  
temples and branch palaces, and  
Sohodo no kami, whom I have  
invited to the shrine set upon  
this divine altar, and to whom  
I offer praises day by day.

I pray with awe that they will deign  
to correct the unwitting faults,  
which, heard and seen by them,  
I have committed, and blessing  
and favoring me according to the  
powers which they severally wield,  
cause me to follow the divine ex-  
ample and to perform good works  
in the Way.

(The House God)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER OF THE SINGER  
(*Mexican*)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I**N THE place of tears, I, the singer, watch my flowers, they enthrall my spirit as I walk alone with them—My spirit sad amid the flowers.

In this spot where the herbage is as sweet ointment, and green as the turquoise and emerald, I dream of a song of beauty while the blossoms of beauty are in my hand!

Let us rejoice now, O friends! O children! For the life of the earth-born is not long upon earth.

I now go forth in swiftness—to the sweet songs I go forth—to the flowers of fragrance, O friends! O children!

O hé! I sang aloud, O hé! I rained song blossoms as I sped!

Let us go forth to the four ways!  
I, the singer, shall find and bring

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER OF THE SINGER

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

forth the flowers. Let us be glad while we live—hark to my song of joy!

I, the poet, cry out a song for a place of joy—a radiant song which descends to the Underworld, and there turns and echoes back to you!

I seek neither vestments or riches, O friends! O children! but a song for a place of joy!”

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN OF TLA-LOC

*(Mexican)*

(Tla-loc is the God of Storms. He dwells in Tlalocan where the spirits of the elements toss the balls of thunder, and cast the reeds of lightning. This is a masked dramatized ceremony to the rain god)



P A G A N P R A Y E R S

*Priests*

**T**O OUR land the god appears!  
His banner unfolds to the  
Four Ways and no one weeps!"

*Tla-loc*

"I, the god, have returned again!  
I have turned again to the place  
of abundance of sacrifices. West-  
ward, when the day grows old I  
am beheld as a god."

*High Priest*

"Thy work is that of a magician  
divine! Truly thou hast made  
thyself to be of our flesh. Thou  
hast made thyself, and who dare  
affront thee?"

*Tla-loc*

"Truly he who affronts me faces the  
dangers; My fathers took by the  
heads the tigers and serpents!"

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN OF TLA-LOC

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

### *Priests*

“In Tla-locan, the Place of the Divine, they play at ball! They cast the reeds!”

### *High Priest to Devotees*

“Go forth! Go forth to where the clouds are spread—where the thick mist marks the cloudy house of Tla-loc!”

### *Tla-loc*

“Go ye out to seek me! Seek for the voice I send forth as I rise—a terrible god—a cry on the winds!”

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

### HYMN TO THE ALL-MOTHER

*(Mexican)*

(This goddess is Teteo-inan, the "Mother of Gods"—also known by another name meaning "Heart of the Earth." Her chief temple was on the spot selected by the early missionaries for the "Lady of Guadalupe" to make her appearance, and the native shrine was razed to make way for the temple of the imported cult of Christendom)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**H**AIL to our Mother who makes  
the yellow flowers to bloom—  
who scatters the seeds of the  
maguey as she comes from the  
Land Divine!

Hail to our Mother who casts forth  
white flowers in abundance!

Hail to our Mother who shines in  
the thorn bush as a bright butter-  
fly!

Ho! She is our Mother—the woman  
god of the earth. In the desert  
she feeds the wild beasts, and  
gives them to live.

Thus—thus you see her ever abun-  
dant in gifts to all flesh.

And as you see the goddess of earth  
give to the beasts, so also she is  
giving to the green herbs and the  
fishes.

Hail to our Mother who casts forth  
yellow flowers to the sun from the  
Land Divine!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN OF THE GOD OF  
FLOWERS

*(Mexican)*

(High Priest, masked as the god, chants)

(Kin-teotl—God of maize)

(Tla-loc—God of storms and the wide plains)

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**O** FRIENDS! The quetzal  
bird sings—it sings its song  
at midnight to Kin-teotl.

The god now hears my song by night,  
he will hear my song as the night  
brings in the dawn.

I send forth the priests to the house  
of Tla-loc.

The priests to the house of Tla-loc  
do I send forth.

I shall go forth to the plains. I  
shall join myself to them. I shall  
go where is Kin-teotl. I shall  
follow the trail to him.

The priests go forth to the house of  
Tla-loc, to the home of the god  
of the plains!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO THE MEXICAN  
GOD OF FIRE

*(Mexican)*

(A victim is sacrificed for rain in the temple of the  
Earth Fire—a crater of a volcano)



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

### *Victim*

“I N THE Hall of Flame let me  
I not put to shame my ancestors;  
descending there let me not put  
you to shame!

“I fasten a rope to the sacred tree.  
I twist it in eight folds, that by  
it, I, a magician, may descend to  
the magical house.”

### *Priests*

“Begin your song in the Hall of  
Flames! Begin your song in the  
Hall of Flames!”

### *Devotees*

“Why does not the magician come  
forth?

Why does he not rise up?”

### *Priests*

“Let his subjects assist in the Hall  
of Flames!

He appears! He appears! Let his  
subjects assist!”

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO THE MEXICAN  
GOD OF FIRE

*(Continued)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

“Let his servants never cease the  
song of the Hall of Flames—  
let them rejoice greatly—let them  
dance wonderfully!

(To the victim)

Call ye for the Woman with Abun-  
dant Hair, whose care is the Mist  
and the Rain; call ye for Her!”

THE PRAYER OF THE MAIZE

*(Mexican)*

(This is a conventional ceremony where a high priest, masked, personates Kin-teotl, god of the maize. An altar priest chants of the loves and greatness of the gods, but with an earthly love in his heart for a vestal who personates the goddess of art in a similar ceremony at the adjacent temple of Cholula)

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

### *Priest*

(Placing flowers of the field on shrine)

**T**HE FLOWER in my heart  
blossoms, sweetness it brings  
in the night!

Our mother has loved. The goddess of love has scattered flowers of fragrance!"

### *Kin-teotl*

"I, Kin-teotl, god of the grain, am as a flower—a flower ever renewing!"

### *Priest*

"Kin-teotl was born from the water, he came as a mortal, as a youth, from the cerulean home of the fishes, an ever new, glorious god! He shone as the sun; his mother dwelt in the House of the Dawn!"

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

THE PRAYER OF THE MAIZE

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

### *Kin-teotl*

“I come forth on the earth—even  
to the market place like a mortal  
—even I—great and glorious!

Be ye happy under the flower bush  
varied in hue as the quetzal bird;  
Listen to the quechol singing to  
the gods! Listen to the singing  
of the quechol along the river:—  
hear its flute along the river in  
the home of the reeds!”

(The flutes sound the call of the birds  
as Kin-teotl disappears in the temple  
followed by the devotees)

### *Priest*

“Ai!—would that my altar flowers  
would cease from dying! Our  
flesh is as flowers—even as flowers  
in the place of the flowers.

She goes to the mart! As goddess  
they carry her to the mart! She  
speaks at Cholula—she startles  
my heart! She startles my heart!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

THE PRAYER OF THE MAIZE

*(Continued)*



P A G A N P R A Y E R S

“Ai! for joy the high priest is there  
at her shrine! Where merchants  
sell the ear rings of green jade, she  
is to be seen by men—in the  
Place of Wonders she is to be  
seen!

Sleep, sleep, sleep! I fold my hands  
to sleep!

I, O Woman!—sleep!”

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO CIHUA-COATL

*(Mexican)*

(Cihua-coatl, mythic, mother of earth-born people)

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**S**ERPENT Woman, plumed with eagle feathers, with the crest of eagles, comes, beating her drum, from the Place of the Old.

She alone, who is our flesh, goddess of the fields and shrubs, is strong to support us.

Our mother is as twelve eagles, goddess of drums calling the gods, filling the fields.

She is our mother—a goddess of war, our mother, a companion from the Home of Ancestors.

She comes forth, she appears when war is waged, she protects us in war that we be not destroyed—an example and companion from the Home of the Ancestors.

She comes adorned in the ancient manner with the eagle's crest,— in the ancient manner with the eagle's crest!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

PRAYER TO THE GOD OF  
THIEVES

*(South Pacific Island)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**O** THOU divine Outre-reter!  
We go out for plunder.

Cause all things to sleep in the  
house.

Owner of the house, sleep on!

Threshold of the house, sleep on!

Little insects of the house, sleep on!

Central - post, ridge - pole, rafters,  
thatch of the house, sleep on!

O Rongo, grant us success!

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

INVOCATION TO ORMAZD

*(Persian)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**I**N THE name of God, the giver, forgiver, rich in love, praise be to the name of Ormazd, the God with the name who always was, always is, and always will be; the heavenly among the heavenly, with the name—"From whom alone is derived rule."

With all strength bring I thanks.

All good do I accept at thy command O God, and think, and speak, and do it. I believe in the pure law; by every good work seek I forgiveness for all sins. I keep pure the six powers—thought, speech, work, memory, mind and understanding. According to thy will am I able to accomplish. O accomplisher of good, thy honor, with good thoughts, good works.

I enter on the shining way to Paradise; may the fearful terror of

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

INVOCATION TO ORMAZD

*(Continued)*



## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

hell not overcome me! May I step over the bridge Chinevat. May I attain Paradise with much perfume, and all brightness.

Praise be to the Overseer, the Lord, who rewards those who accomplish good deeds according to his own wish, and at last purifies even the wicked ones of hell.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER OF  
ADORATION

*(Persian)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

**S**OUL of the Soul!

Neither thought nor reason comprehend thy essence, and no one knows thy attributes.

Souls have no idea of thy being.  
The prophets themselves sink in  
the dust of thy road.

Although intellect exists by thee,  
has it ever yet found the path of  
thy existence?

O thou, who art in the interior and  
in the exterior of the soul! Thou  
art and thou art not that which  
I say.

In thy presence reason grows dizzy;  
it loses the thread that would  
direct it in thy way.

I perceive clearly the universe in  
thee, and yet discover thee not  
in the world.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER OF  
ADORATION

*(Continued)*

## P A G A N P R A Y E R S

All beings are marked with thy impress, but thyself hast no impress visible;

Thou reservest the secret of thine existence.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

AN INCA'S DEATH PRAYER

*(Peruvian)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

O CREATOR of men  
Thy servant speaks.  
Then look on him  
The king of Cusco.

Do not forget me  
O thou noble creator.  
O thou of my dreams.  
Dost thou forget  
And I on the point of death?  
Wilt thou ignore my prayer  
Or wilt thou make known  
Who thou art?  
Thou mayest be what I thought,  
Yet perchance thou art a phantom,  
A thing that causes fear.  
Oh, if I might know!  
Oh, if it could be revealed!  
Thou who made me out of earth,  
And of clay formed me.  
Oh look upon me!  
Who art thou, O Creator?  
Now I am very old.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO THE UNKNOWN  
GOD

*(Peruvian)*



P A G A N P R A Y E R S

O RULER! Lord of the universe,  
Whether thou art male,  
Whether thou art female,  
Lord of reproduction  
Wherever thou mayest be!  
O Lord of divination  
Where art thou?  
Thou mayest be above,  
Thou mayest be below,  
Or perhaps around  
Thy splendid throne and sceptre.  
O hear me!  
From the sky above,  
In which thou mayest be,  
From the sea beneath  
In which thou mayest be.  
Creator of the world,  
Maker of all men;  
Lord of all Lords  
My eyes fail me for longing to see  
thee  
For the sole desire to know thee.

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

HYMN TO THE UNKNOWN  
GOD

*(Continued)*

P A G A N P R A Y E R S

O look down upon me  
For thou knowest me.  
The sun—the moon—  
The day—the night—  
Spring—winter,  
Are not ordained in vain  
By thee, O Deity!  
They all travel  
To the assigned place;  
They all arrive  
At their destined ends  
Whithersoever thou pleasest.  
Thy royal sceptre  
Thou holdest.  
O hear me!  
O choose me!  
Let it not be  
That I should tire,  
That I should die!

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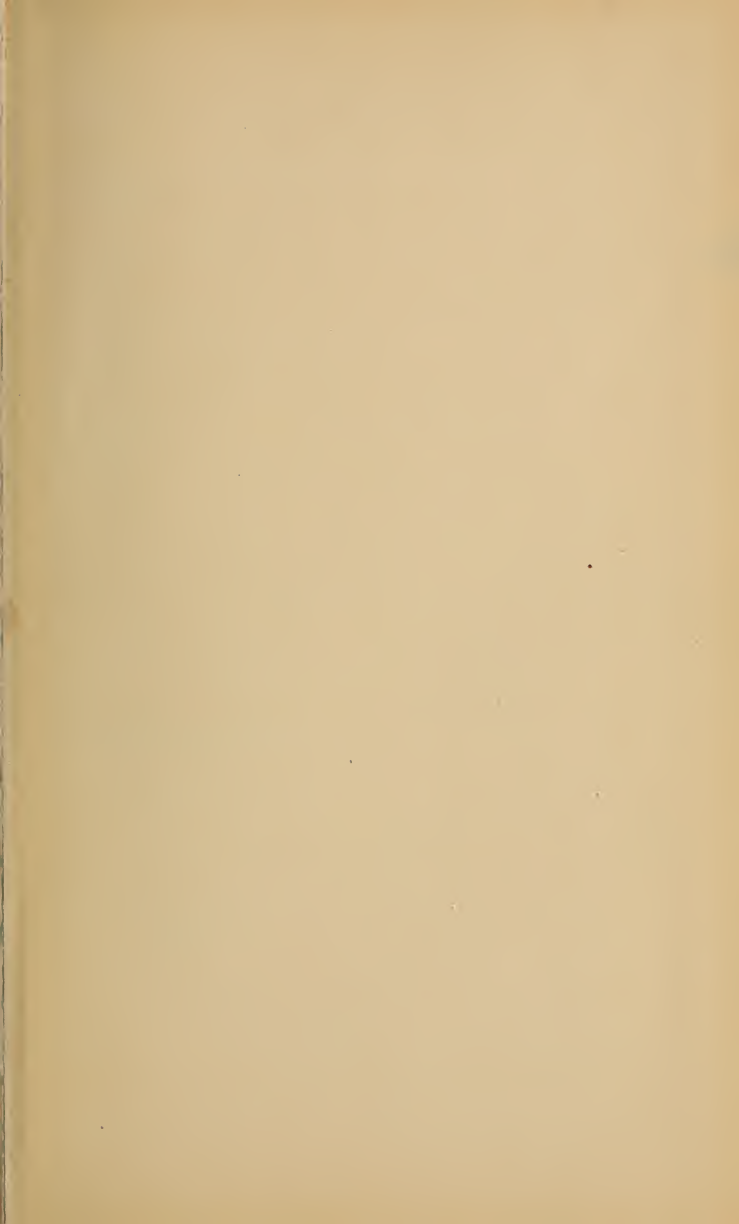
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